THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 11, 1808.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 18.

MISS FLIRT TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

FIFTY and three times has the earth compleated its annual tour around the grand luminary of the universe, since my ocular window-shutters were first opened. My mother (Heaven rest her soul!) has often told me I was the loveliest child she ever beheld, and such an exact counterpart of *herself*, as to excite the astonishment and admiration of wide-mouthed spectators. Notwithstanding her assertions (the veracity of which I have still too much vanity to doubt) *fifty-three* long years have elapsed, without witnessing my approach to the altar of Hymen. It is generally imagined that pride and ill-nature are the concomitant evils of antiquated virginity; in *many* —nay, in *most* cases, I believe they may; but to prove that there are *exceptions*, I shall endeavour to shew that I have a sufficient degree of candid humility to acknowledge my follies, and sufficient good-nature to expose them, as a warning to vestals of an earlier age.

I was but sixteen years old when Mr. Thomas Ticklebreech (the son of an eminent schoolmaster) resolving to take my heart by stratagem, proposed giving me some instructions in the learned languages. Being by no means a humdrum, I soon dispatched qui, quæ, quod—hic, hæc, hoc, &c. &c. But when I came to the *verbs*, my progress was suddenly impeded; for my learned tutor was so very partial to *amo*, that nothing could prevail on him to move forward. "Come, my dear," he would

say, " let us once more try the conjugation of amo." Present tense : amo, I *love*; amas, *thou lovest*; amat, *he loveth*; amamus, *we love!* " *We* love," he exclaimed, " *is* it so, my dear Miss?" Really, Mr. Editor, this young pedagogue had almost prevailed on me to answer in the affirmative, when a *new* suitor appeared, who very soon caused me to say to Mr. Ticklebreech, in the preterimperfect tense, amabam, I *did* love! Now this fresh admirer was no less a personage than Mr. Charles Rhymer, (the father of one Roger Rhymer, whose elegant ode to *his grammer* lately appeared in your Letter-Box). Armed at all points with sonnets, odes, elegies, and an inexhaustible fund of literary combustibles, Charles commenced a furious onset; and how far he might have succeeded, Heaven only knows, had not a recruiting party come unexpectedly to town.

Captain Seymour took lodgings at our house; he was what we call an elegant young man; and, although he possessed not the erudition of my other lovers, I felt mightily prepossessed in his favour. He implored me to enlist under the banner of love, swearing, at the same time, by all the gods and goddesses, that he would never raise the siege, 'till I came to terms of capitulation. The citadel of my heart began to totter, and I should very soon have volunteered in the service of Hymen, had not an unfortunate circumstance unexpectedly occurred. Mr. Rhymer (for the mere ostentation of his abilities more than from the inspiration of love) inserted in your Entertainer a very fiery ode, in which he compared me to Venus, the graces, and various other sublime personages; Captain Seymour was not long ignorant of the event, and the next time he met the favourite of the muses, he did not hesitate to tweak, with profane fingers, the most prominent feature in his bardship's countenance. The consequence was to *me* rather alarming, for not only my young *parnassian* but my young *scholastic* immediately deserted me.

Provoked at this sudden diminution of my idolaters, I thought proper to treat the son of Mars rather cavalierly; indeed, to such a pitch did I carry my imperiousness, that even the captain very shortly *decamped*, leaving me to mount my *green* and *white* cockade, and enjoy the forlorn anticipation of becoming *a leader of apes*. In this, however, he was disappointed, for no sooner had he removed himself and his implements of warfare, than my former lovers renewed their importunities. For several months the poet and grammarian exerted every faculty of soul and body to soften my obdurate heart; but the desire of extending my conquests entirely obviated their endeavours. The immortal hero of antiquity, after having conquered the whole world, wept because there was no other in which to signalise himself; and verily, Mr. Editor, such was my extreme folly at this period of life, that had every individual of every

nation

nation under the sun, prostrated themselves in humble adoration of my charms, I should have still continued in a state of dissatisfaction. Matters long continued in this state of uncertainty, 'till I received a letter from Seymour, intreating me to hasten to Aberdeen, where he was then stationed; declaring he could no longer live without me, and that suicide would be the event of my refusal. Sick of *learned* suitors, and ambitious of seeing in the papers "On such a day, the *lady* of Captain Seymour, of a *son and heir!*" Together with the conviction that both my other admirers would hang or drown themselves; (circumstances highly *gratifying* to my vanity), I was mad enough to abscond from my native home, and make the best of my way to Aberdeen. On my arrival at the appointed house, my heart was overpowered with the united emotions of hope and fear. I was ushered into a small parlour, in one corner of which stood a large trunk, directed to myself; and, whilst I puzzled my brain with a thousand vague conjectures on the subject, an elderly lady entered the room, to solve my difficulty. "That trunk, Madam," said she, "was left here by Captain Seymour, with directions that it might be safely delivered into your own hands; here, Madam, is the key, which I assure you has never been touched since the captain's departure." "The *captain's departure!!*" I hastily exclaimed, "good Heavens, Madam, has the captain left Aberdeen?" "Yes," she replied, "and where he is gone no one, I believe, knows; but he has taken away one of the prettiest girls in the town as a companion." Almost distracted at this horrible information, I proceeded to open the trunk; and seizing a paper which first met my view, I read aloud the following words: "This box contains a *husband* for a *coquette!* May never one of the deceitful tribe find a better." Whilst I was employed in reading, the old beldam, who was doubtless in the secret, pulled forth from the box, and held in triumph before my eyes, a tattered pair of *military small-clothes*, stuffed with *straw!!* It is utterly impossible to describe my sensations; in a state of distraction bordering on madness, I commenced my journey, and arrived in safety at my parental dome.

You may judge what a reception I met with; bad as it was, it proved far better than I deserved. Being again settled, I resolved on accepting the first offer that was made me; for this purpose, I sent notes to my discarded *geniusses*, inviting them to join a dinner party, which was to be given on my father's birth-day. In reply to which, Mr. Ticklebreech wrote me to the following effect:

"MADAM,

"You may possibly think me a *noun adjective*, that cannot stand alone, but must be joined to a *substantive*; now if *you* are

the substantive, I beg leave to *decline* it altogether. Such a *concord*, Madam, is my utter aversion. I could say much more, but ' Vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur!'

" THO. T———."

From the exasperated poet, I received simply a quotation from Otway.

" Thou'rt woman, a true copy of the first,
In whom the race of all mankind was curst:
Your sex by beauty was to Heaven allied,
But your great lord, the Devil, taught you *pride*.
He too, an angel, 'till he durst rebel,
And you are, sure, the stars that with him fell.
Weep on! a stock of tears like vows you have,
And always ready when you would deceive."

Thus, Mr. Editor, I found myself completely deserted; and have never since had the good luck to gain a fresh admirer. The story of my elopement, and the ridiculous termination of it, soon spread round the country like wildfire; for several years I suffered the contempt and derision of my acquaintance, and although it is now pretty generally forgotten by the public, my own memory still retains the disgusting cause of my present forlorn condition. Instead of being blessed with the affection of children, who might smooth the pillow of my declining age, I find myself at the expiration of fifty-three long years surrounded by *(my only friends)* a grand phalanx of cats, curs, parrots, and monkies.

X. MARGERY FLIRT.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

VOLUNTEERS.

A Case of great importance to the volunteer establishment was decided by the court of session, at Edinburgh, on Tuesday the 17th of December, 1807. A person entered into a volunteer corps posterior to the 1st of August last, without having been previously in any other regiment. After having performed twenty-four drills, but before the 1st of December, he was drawn to serve in the militia. He claimed exemption from the lieutenancy of Mid Lothian, upon a certificate from his commanding officer that he had attended twenty-four drills. The lieutenancy refused the exemption, on the ground that whatever number of drills he might have performed, his name was not inserted in any return of the corps, the August return

return having been made before he entered, and that for the four months, commencing with September, not having been then made.

The volunteer preferred a bill of suspension to the court of session; and the court having sisted execution, and ordered memorials, it was maintained for the lieutenancy, 1st. that the suspension was incompetent, as the statute had declared, that nothing done by the lieutenancy, in pursuance of the militia act, could be removed into the court of session, by any process. 2dly, that supposing the complaint were competent, yet, upon its merits, the lieutenancy had justly refused the claim, because, by the existing law, a return was necessary for exemption, as well as attendance; and, by the admitted facts of this case, no return had been, or could have been made, since the date of enrolment.

Against this the suspender argued, 1st, that his claim to be exempted was well founded, as he had been enrolled between two return days, and consequently, though he had performed the real service of attending twenty-four times, of which fact the certificate of the commanding officer was the proper evidence, it was impossible he could yet have been included in any return, and that the existing law, entitled him, in these circumstances, to be exempted. 2dly, that the lieutenancy had therefore exceeded its powers, by adjudging him to serve in the militia, as he belonged to an exempted class; and that, in all cases of usurped or exceeded power, redress by this court was competent

The court sustained the complaint, and found the volunteer entitled to his exemption.

Dr. MOSELEY *on* CANINE MADNESS.

THE alarming increase of this dreadful disorder, within the last two years, and the numerous fatal effects of it to the human race, almost daily occurring, in the metropolis particularly, demand the most serious attention of the public, and, perhaps, of the legislature.

The following important observations, extracted from Dr. Moseley's Treatise on Tropical Diseases, cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers:

"It has always been a matter of surprise to me, that Hillary should say canine madness 'is so frequently seen in most hot countries, and especially in the West Indies, that it may be said to be endemial,' which is so far from being true, that if Hillary, who treats of it, and relates several cases that were under his care in Barbadoes, had not been a man of good character,

racter, I should have doubted whether he had ever seen a mad dog in the West-Indies.

" I am aware that Hughes, in his Natural History of Barbadoes, says, ' This disease was there in or about the year 1741; and that a cow, in an hydrophobia, was cured by pouring a pail-ful of cold water down her throat.'

" During my residence in the West-Indies, I never heard of the disease; and from the enquiries I have made, I am certain that there has been no canine madness in many of the islands, if in any of them, for fifty years, before the year 1783; and I am not satisfied with the authority which informs me it was ever there before that year. On the immense continent of South America it has never been seen. Ulloa says ' the people there express their astonishment when an European relates the melancholy effects of it:' and Pouppe Desportes, who practised physic in Hispaniola, from 1732 until 1748, says, ' in that island they are entirely ignorant of it.'

" In the spring of 1783, canine madness broke out in Hispaniola; and in the month of June in Jamaica, where it raged until March, 1784. It was said at first, that it was brought to Jamaica from Hispaniola; but experience proved the fact to be otherwise.

" The common notion that this disease among dogs can only proceed from the poison of an external bite, or that it originates in some particular dog, from internal disease, and from thence is disseminated, has excluded the idea of spontaneous madness, arising from some peculiar influence in the air. But this influence of the air generated the canine madness in the year 1783, in the West-Indies; for it was general, and many dogs were seized with it, that had no communication with others; and some dogs which were brought from Europe and North America, and that were not on shore, went mad on their arrival in the harbours of the islands.

" The same atmospheric cause produces this disease almost every year among foxes, wolves, and dogs, in many parts of Europe; some instances of which I have seen in my travels. In Venice I found the common opinion to be, that the disease is often occasioned by thirst; for which reason all barbers, shoemakers, and coffee-house keepers, are obliged to have a small tub or pan of water before their doors, particularly in hot weather, that the dogs running about the streets may drink when they want, as there are no places in that city where they can otherwise supply themselves with fresh water.

" In 1783 this disease was general in Jamaica. Many negroes were bitten, and died hydrophobous. A boy belonging to Mrs. Inglis, in Kingston, was bitten by a little dog supposed to be mad, which was therefore killed. The bite, or rather scratch, was not larger than one made by a pin, being only a

rasure of the skin by a tooth. It was thought too inconsiderable to be hurtful. Four months afterwards the boy was seized as if he had got a cold, and soon after symptoms of a tetanus appeared. He died on the third day, but had no symptoms of hydrophobia.

" An attorney at law in Kingston was bitten by his own dog. The bitten part, which was in the ball of the thumb, was removed. He was then salivated by mercury, externally and internally used, and he had no symptoms of disease. One of his negroes was also bitten, and treated in the same manner, and with the same success.

" Many hogs and goats were bitten, and died mad.

" A horse belonging to Mr. Edward East, in Liguanea, was bitten, and being seized with madness, was shot. Another horse, belonging to Mr. Andrew Cathcart, a merchant, in Kingston, was bitten. He broke out of the stable and ran about mad, until by beating his head against a wall he killed himself.

" In the cure of the bite of a mad dog, the local treatment only is to be depended on; and that local treatment is very simple, if the remedies were always at hand. The injured part must be destroyed, or be cut out. Destroying it is the most safe, and equally certain; and the best application for that purpose is the lapis infernalis, or the butter of antimony. These are preferable to a hot iron, which the ancients used; because a hot iron forms a crust, that acts as a defence to the under parts, instead of destroying them. The lapis infernalis is much better than any other caustic, as it melts and penetrates during its application. The bitten part must be destroyed to the bottom; and where there is any doubt that the bottom of the wound is not sufficiently exposed, butter of antimony should be introduced into it on the following day, as deep as possible; and incisions should be made, if necessary, to lay every part open to the action of the application. The wound is to be dressed for some time with poultices, to assuage the inflammation caused by the caustics; and afterwards with acrid dressings, and hot digestives, to drain the injured parts.

" Where the above-mentioned caustics cannot be procured, corrosive sublimate, oil of vitriol, aqua-fortis, spirit of salt, common caustic, or a plaster made of quick lime and soap, may be applied to the wound. Gunpowder laid on the part, and fired, has been used with success. Mercury alone is of no use, nor have any of the famous specifics imposed on mankind ever produced effects that could be depended on. The sooner the bitten part is destroyed the better. But where application has been omitted for some time, and even when the bitten part is healed, it should be removed by taking out the flesh all round, deeper than the wound originally was, by the lapis infernalis,

and

and should be dressed with acrid dressings, and be kept open, and discharging for many weeks. This method of treating the bites of mad animals will, I am convinced, from my own practice, prevent their fatal effects, applied in due time, and previous to the first symptoms that forerun a general affection, which ends in hydrophobia, and yields to no remedy yet discovered.

"Samuel Haines, gamekeeper to the late duke of Bedford, was bitten by a mad dog at Woburn Abbey, on the 21st of October, 1788, in his right hand, by which two wounds were made; one of them was considerable. He was sent to me four days after the accident. I had the parts deeply destroyed by the lapis infernalis; and once well searched afterwards, and dressed with butter of antimony. He took calomel until his mouth was sufficiently affected. The wounds were kept open for a month with red precipitate and digestives. He returned home, and continued perfectly well. The dog died mad."

THE OLD YEAR.

AT a late hour on Thursday se'nnight, old Time, by its annual motion, added another to the many years already consigned to oblivion. The properties of our kind friend Time, however, may well be compared to those of the Phœnix, the offspring of which is no sooner consigned to dust, than another, more beautiful, is said to arise from its remains. Hence the coming year has for many ages been celebrated with more than ordinary expressions of joy: by some it is hailed with dances, songs, or other innocent amusements, whilst the more thinking part of mankind, who scarcely suffer a moment at this season, so replete with incidents that require their most serious reflection, to pass unheeded by them, will readily place the important moment amongst the first of those celebrated by us Christians at this awful period—surely none can strike us more forcibly than that of the close of the year, when we reflect, that, whilst our constant and benevolent friend Time has been showering upon us his invaluable blessings, during its annual course only, no less than 30,000,000 of poor mortals having suffered an extinction of the vital fire, have left their "earthly tabernacles,"—and joined the spirits of the millions who had preceded them. Each day of the passed year has seen 86,400 leaving the mortal stage; each hour 3600; each minute no less than 60; and even during the short space of every second, while we reflect on the subject, one of the inhabitants of this globe is just departing to that world "from whose bourn no traveller returns."

The employment of the talents given us by our good friend Time will afford the moralizer a subject no less speculative and alarming. This world, says Epictetus, is a theatre, and our part in the drama of life is determined by one who gives the part, and chooses the actors; he it is, who assigns to each his particular part, the acting of which must entirely depend on himself, and although to be unemployed and idle is a sign not only of a weak head, but a bad heart; yet how many of us, were we, with Vespasian, to call ourselves to account for the actions of the day past, would be ready with him to exclaim—"Diem perdidi." Time ought, indeed, to be used to the noblest purposes, nor should we ever forget the admirable admonition of Juvenal—

"Carpe Diem."

Seneca says, "We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet act as though there would be no end of it." This would not, however, be the case, if, with Alfred, we assigned to each hour its peculiar business. Scipio Africanus, says Cicero, was wont to say "that he was never less idle than when he was entirely at leisure; nor less alone than when wholly by himself." He was anxious not only to employ time in the best uses, but in subserviency to his internal welfare, that is, with a constant eye to the glory of God, and the good of mankind—wherein consists our duty, and for which end all our Time was given us.

FASHIONS *for* JANUARY.

A MORNING DRESS.

A Round cambric gown, a walking length, with short full sleeve and puckered cuff, buttoned or laced down the back, and made high round the neck, with a full frill of lace. A military stock, edged round the chin with the same. A figured Chinese scarf, the colour American green, twisted round the figure in the style of antique drapery. Melon bonnet, the same colour, striped and trimmed to correspond with the scarf. Hair in irregular curls on the forehead. Ear-rings of gold or topaz. Long York tan or Limerick gloves, above the elbow. Slippers of yellow Morocco. This dress, divested of the bonnet, is considered genteel neglige for any period of the day.

A MORNING WALKING, OR CARRIAGE HABILIMENT.

A simple breakfast robe of Indian muslin or cambric, with plain high collar, and long sleeve. Plain chemisette front, but-

toned down the bosom. A Calypso wrap of morone velvet, or kerseymere, trimmed entirely round with white ermine or swansdown. Spanish hanging sleeve, suspended from the back, and falling over the left shoulder, terminating in a round point below the elbow. This ornament is lined throughout with skin the same as the trimming. A mountain hat of white imperial beaver or fur, tied under the chin with a ribband the colour of the coat. Gloves and shoes of American green or buff. Cropped hair, confined with a band, and curled over the left eye.

A BALL DRESS, IN THE PARISIAN STYLE.

A Neapolitan robe and petticoat of white or coloured satin, made quite plain. Armorial vest of white satin, beaded in gold stripes. A cestus à la Cleopatra, composed of wrought gold and amethysts. Hanging sleeves, gathered in front of the arm, with brooches of the same. The hair confined from the roots, the ends flowing in irregular curls, leaving the forehead and temples exposed. An Indian casque of tissue, with amethyst ornaments. A long veil of gossamer gauze, rounded at the end, and embroidered in a delicate border of silver or silk, flowing from the centre of the crown over the right shoulder, and forming a drapery in front of the figure by the attitude of the left hand. Pear ear-rings of amethyst or pearl. Necklace of pearl, with amethyst star in the centre. White satin slippers, edged with silver beading; and white kid gloves, above the elbow.

The Unfortunate Marriage; or the History of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley.

(Continued from Page 4.)

SOON after his departure, Mrs. Cosby received a letter from her late father's agent, informing her that Mr. Hartley, the heir to the property, having attained the age of twenty-one, it was necessary for him to visit the manor, in order to make some arrangements, and that for that purpose he should accompany him there the week ensuing.

Mrs. Cosby could not read this information without emotion. She had never seen the young man in whose favour her father had performed so cruel and unjust an act: she had thought that she could never bear him in her sight: but there now appeared a necessity for it, and though very reluctantly, she consented to receive the gentleman.

The prospects of Caroline Cosby at this time appeared bright, and in the absence of Falkland she judged, "pour passer le tems,"

tems;" that it would be an agreeable break in the monotony of their life, to be interrupted by a couple of new faces.

She did not neglect to decorate herself with more than usual care on the evening when they were expected; and Mr. Hartley thought he beheld the most beautiful being in creation, when he first cast his eyes on his cousin, who sustained her mother's reclining form, as, trembling with emotion, she rose to receive him who had despoiled her daughter of her inheritance.

Mr. Hartley had a most attractive person and address. Schooled in the graces of the world, his manners had acquired that high polish, which the society of well-bred people alone can bestow. Insidious and persuasive, his conversation was at once fascinating and entertaining. He almost immediately attached himself to his "charming cousin," as he delighted to call Miss Cosby; and he would have no conductress but herself, to show him round the walks, the fields, the woods, and the cliffs of Hartley manor. There, amidst rural scenery, and the wild beauties of nature, he painted the pleasures of the beau monde with a masterly hand. He talked of the incense which was there offered to beauty. He flattered, he persuaded, and, skilled in rhetoric, he soon succeeded in winning her ear, and seducing her imagination, if not her heart, and at the end of ten days poor Falkland was forgotten.

Mr. Sykes, the agent, who had really the interest of the family at heart, had hoped for this consequence from their visit; he thought, with every person who saw only the exterior of things, that the union of the two cousins would be an easy way of uniting their interests, and obliterating all the injustice of the late Mr. Hartley towards his grand-child.

Mr. Sykes did not see, he did not know, and had he seen and known, he would not have understood, that the admiration of Mr. Hartley for his cousin was merely personal, and probably would soon be effaced, when he had her in his power; that Caroline Cosby was dazzled by his showy and specious exterior, by the elegance of his carriage, and the grace of his deportment, and that in listening to him, she was turning apostate to the youth who had first breathed the accents of love in her ears—the youth who lived only for her. We say, Mr. Sykes, who judged from externals only, and who was blinded by transient good from discerning lasting evil, was ignorant, and must have remained in ignorance, of these reasons against the cause which he had taken in hand.

In the advancement and *consequent happiness* of her daughter, Mrs. Cosby overlooked the disappointment of Falkland, her consent was yielded with delight, and the triumphant Hartley left the manor, only to return again within a fortnight to claim his bride. During his absence, Falkland reappeared!

As we have seen, the elder Mr. Falkland had never interfered in his son's attachment to Miss Cosby; he had suspected it, and winked at it, but had never enquired into, nor guessed at, the extent of its progress. The report of Mr. Hartley's success with the young lady was speedily noised abroad, and thinking that his son might like to be informed of a circumstance which seemed to have all the authority which publicity could give it, he mentioned it as if accidentally, in a letter which he addressed to him.

Not the smallest credit would William Falkland attach to the information; yet not another day, not another hour, would he stay with his friend; he travelled night and day, and with dishevelled hair, and haggard eyes, he presented himself at the manor.

He walked unannounced into the common sitting parlour. Mrs. and Miss Cosby were sitting at a table; the latter was eagerly viewing some beautiful diamonds which Mr. Hartley had just sent down, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, and almost eclipsing the brilliants which she held in her hand.

"See here, Mamma! what a sweet ornament! what lovely jewels!—How good of Hartley to send them down so soon!" "And *see here*," said Falkland, snatching her hand (his entrance had not been perceived) "*see here*, Caroline, the wretch that you have made!" She started, and shrieked. Mrs. Cosby rose from the table.

"Tell me, Caroline—tell me," cried Falkland, wildly, "is what I hear true? and have you deceived and deserted me? Have you broken your plighted faith?—your promise?" "My daughter never made you a promise, Mr. Falkland," said Mrs. Cosby. "Did not she own she loved me?—did she not say that she would be mine? and has she not listened with downcast eyes, and smiles of seeming pleasure, while I have painted those halcyon scenes of bliss, which I now find existed only in my feverish imagination?" "Oh, Falkland! hear me for a moment." "Put aside those splendid baits, those paltry lures," said he, hurling the diamonds from him. Caroline rescued them from his rough hand, uttering a gentle "Oh!" as if fearing they would be injured.

"Yes! *they* have feelings," said he; "*they* are not stones —'tis I—'tis *my* heart which is a petrifaction. You have tried it, Caroline—you have tried it!"

Caroline hid her face with her handkerchief. "My daughter has a right to follow her own inclinations, Mr. Falkland. This match with her cousin will be a prudent and a most unexceptionable one, as it will be the means of ending every thing in the most amicable way. I therefore must entreat you, Mr. Falkland, by the regard which you formerly professed for Caroline, that you will not disturb her happines!"

"I

." I disturb it!—*I* disturb the happiness of Caroline Cosby! gracious God!" He put his hands before his eyes, sunk into a chair, and burst into tears. Then, after a few minutes, rising and walking again towards Caroline, " That you have *seen* me weep —that you have heard unmanly sobs issue from my bosom— this you may tell—this you may boast of to Mr. Hartley—— but, stop," said he, " am I not too hasty. And are you really —is it—can it be? Oh, Caroline! are you to become the wife of Hartley? Speak, I charge you, speak—tell me without reserve—or kill me at your feet?" " Mr. Hartley is—I—we—" Caroline stammered. " Farewell for ever!" said Falkland, clenching his hands in agony, " False, perjured, vain woman! farewell for ever!"

He went not to the hill that day. He wrote a few lines to his father accounting for his absence in the best manner he could, and he wandered for six successive days and nights over heaths and hills, and plains and dales, " unknowing and unknown." The chill blasts of November pierced his breast, but he felt them not—the falling torrents drenched his cloathes, but he heeded them not—darkness and light were to him the same. His mental sufferings rendered him impervious to all the inclemencies of weather or of season.

At length he was seized with an illness which rapidly increased into a violent fever. At a little hedge ale-house in the public road, he lay bereft of sense and motion that day on which the elegant bridal chariot of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley passed it, which was transporting the hymeneal happy pair to the metropolis. The poor victim to woman's vanity saw not the glittering paraphernalia; but the father, who hung over his humble bed, espied it from the little casement of the wretched chamber, and the bitter tear of agony moistened the fever-dried cheek of his only son—his age's only comfort! Then drying his eyes, as the long-drawn sigh escaped his bosom, he whispered to himself, " I am glad she is gone—I am glad she is out of the neighbourhood."

(To be continued.)

AN IRISH LETTER.

*Copy of a Letter written during the late Irish Rebellion, by Sir ****, an Irish Member of Parliament, to his Friend in London.*

MY DEAR SIR,

HAVING now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all

all in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom, are, however, thank God, killed and dispersed.

We are in a pretty mess—can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed: whilst I write this letter, I hold a sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it; and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on, that every thing is at a stand.

I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin, was robbed near this town; the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in the coach but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing hither under the French standard; but they had no colours, nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much to little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating; but to it we went, and by the time half our little party was killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns, but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog; and, in a very short time, nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all of different colours, being mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them, but all we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions, filled up with Irishmen's names.

Troops are now stationed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas.

I have only leisure to add, that I am in great haste.

P.S. If you do not receive this in course, it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you will immediately write to let me know.

SPEECH *of* SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Esq.

ON THE POOR LAWS, AND EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

HE was so far a friend to reform, that he wished to introduce that greatest of reforms, which was to give the benefit

nefit of education to every poor man in the country. Since Mr. Pitt opened his plan to the public, a system of education has been discovered, which, much to his credit, an honourable member of that house had warmly supported. It was also countenanced by many of the most enlightened persons in the other house, and was fortunate enough to have obtained the patronage of the royal family. This system was the discovery of Mr. Lancaster, who was entitled to the thanks, not only of this, but of every country, for the labour with which he had endeavoured to perfect and introduce it. This system, the cheapest, the easiest acquired, and the most general and beneficial in its effects which human ingenuity had ever devised, he trusted he would see flourish, notwithstanding the illiberal opposition, and the base prejudices, which had been, for what reasons he was at a loss to discover, so artfully excited against it.

Extract from the Traveller, of the 20th (2d. mo.) February, 1807.

"As an explanation of the above: at the very time our beloved monarch was ordering the payment of his annual subscription, a second time, some persons had the baseness to fabricate a false report, that the king had withdrawn his patronage from the plan; the only real motive for this injurious falsehood originated in a design to injure the funds raising to carry it into effect, which has been partially the case. This is only one of the base prejudices excited against it."

ANECDOTES *of the* IRISH.

[From Owenson's Patriotic Sketches of Ireland.]

"BUT a few days back, a musical professor (from whom I had the anecdote) was walking in the vicinity of Sligo at a very early hour, when a sound, wild, low, and plaintive, sought his ear; and approaching the spot from whence it seemed to proceed, he observed an elderly female leaning over a little paling which encircled a cabin. Her hair was dishevelled, her eyes full of tears, and her voice, though broken and inarticulate, respired in the intervals of her deep-heaved sobs, a melancholy recitative accompanied by these simple words—'A few days are gone by; she entered this gate in all her beauty and her health; to-morrow she will pass it without life, and she will never enter it more." This funeral song was the impromptu *requiem* of a wretched mother, whose only daughter (a young and lovely girl) had expired the night before."

The heaviest curse that an Irish peasant can breathe upon his enemy is, " the screech of the morning be upon you;" of which the following explanation is given by Miss Owenson :—

" When the dawn rises for the first time on the remains of a beloved and deceased object, those feelings of sorrow which were 'till then faintly expressed, or silently betrayed, become wild and vehement in their indulgence; and the shriek of despair, which ushers in the dawn's grey light to the bed of death, may, indeed, well be considered as an anathema by the ear and the heart on which it falls."

Inscription on Lieutenant Delmont, who lately fell in a Duel at Stroud, in Gloucestershire.

Beneath are deposited the mortal remains of
JOSEPH FRANCIS DELMONT,
late lieutenant of his majesty's 82d regiment of foot,
who fell in a duel
with Lieut. Heazle, of the 3d regiment of foot,
August 14, 1807—aged 21 years.
Young and healthful,
combining affability with courage,
who but must wish that he had lived long,
an ornament to his profession,
and the defender of the threatened independence of his country?
But this sad memorial records him
as the inglorious victim of a practice
equally abhorrent to reason, humanity, and religion,
opposed alike to the discipline of the soldier,
and the moral excellence of the man.
Too proud to apologise for an unwarrantable expression,
and mistaking obstinacy for dignity,
he improvidently staked his life,
and suddenly lost it,
to the great grief of those who saw in him
characteristics of a noble exit.

EXCELLENT SENTIMENT.

WHEN some charge was ignorantly brought against Phocion, addressing the Athenians, in the public assembly, he declared with judgment and emphasis, " I had much rather myself suffer an injury from you, than do you the least wrong."

PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE inhabitants of Otaheite, and other islands in the Pacific Ocean, have, in a great measure, given over the making of several of their warlike instruments, and domestic utensils of stone, various specimens of which may be seen in the British Museum, and in the cabinets of the curious in England; and which will shortly become very rare, as the attainment of them is already become difficult. This is chiefly owing to the great influx of cutlery, and other manufactures of Sheffield and Birmingham, carried out by different ships, and distributed by them in barter among the islanders.

RIVER TAGUS.

THERE are two channels leading into the Tagus. The south channel, next Bugio fort, is 500 fathoms wide; the north channel leads under fort St. Anthonie, and St. Julian's castle, and is more fit for smaller vessels than for line of battle ships, and is deemed rather dangerous, except in moderate leading winds. Two leagues above the bar, up the river, is Belem Castle, built 200 paces in the river, and about a league below Lisbon. With a leading wind, a fleet might soon pass each battery at the three castles, but not without danger. Opposite to every deep part, where large ships may safely bring to, they would be liable to be annoyed, not only by heavy guns, but shells innumerable.

The river is in places very wide, but it has many shallows, which, though deep enough for merchantmen to anchor in safety, would be perilous for large ships, which must chiefly anchor in the deep central bed of the river. The tide runs ordinarily about six knots an hour, and the winds, which blow mostly at E. and W. in general strong, springing up about ten A. M. and abating about four P. M.

Answer, by Triangularius, of Evershot, to Algebraicus's Question, inserted September 7.

LET a=25 years the man's age, b=21 the wife's, and c=1 the child's, then we have a+b+c=47 years; and a×b×c=525: also the □a+□b+□c=1066, agreeable to the question; consequently 25, 21, and 1, are their respective ages, as required.

Similar answers have been received from W. Backhouse, of Evercreech; and a carpenter of Plymouth.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to S. D.'s Rebus, inserted October 26.

THE LOIRE, if I judge true and right,
Will bring the river to the light.

†§† Similar answers have been received from G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; Luna, of Membury; J. Colley, Soho, and T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.

Answer, by S. Reed, of Hinton St. George, to J. Joyce's Charade, inserted Nov. 2.

EACH morning 'tis the maid's delight
To see the FIRE-IRONS bright.

§‡§ A similar answer has been received from G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. D. of Bristol; T. Gill, an officer of excise near Wells; W. D. Champion, R. Loosemore, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; J. Whitnell, of Street; an officer of the customs; J. Woodman, of North Curry; H. Ellis, of Exeter; R. M. Giffard, W. King, S. Paul, and J Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; W. T. Dineck, of Budeaux; J R. S R. of Awliscombe; J. Lewis, and H. Easter, of Poole; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; J. Colley, of St. German's; and P. Codd, of Plymouth.

Answer, by W. King, of Castle Cary Academy, to G A. F. Arden's Rebus, inserted November 9.

I Join'd your first and second parts aright,
HACKLE, a tool, was quickly brought to light.

☞ We have received the like answer from R. M. Giffard, S. Paull, and J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; and S. D. of South Petherton.

A REBUS, *by J. Salter, of Broadhembury.*

YE wits sublime, a beast explore
Which, if you're right, you'll read twice o'er;
A preposition then select,
And you'll with ease my last detect:
My whole's a wretch on murder bent,
And well deserves his punishment.

A REBUS, *by R. Loosemoore, of Tiverton.*

SAGACIOUS youths, imprimis find
What's often useful to mankind,
In ev'ry rank and station;
I hope my next, with heart sincere,
His Great Creator will revere
In ev'ry situation.

Long may my next, as Albion's pride,
With vict'ry crown'd, triumphant ride,
Our laws and rights defending;
My whole in vain need not be sought
In schools where pleasing arts are taught,
The scholar oft befriending.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

STANZAS *on the* NEW YEAR.

SWIFT on the wings of fleeting time
The year rolls round, and steals away,
And as it rolls should teach mankind
Their lives are hast'ning to decay.

Another year has took its flight,
Pass'd like a shadow or a dream,
Like as a transient gleam of light,
Or bubble floating on the stream.

So year on year successive glides,
And soon compleats the age of man;
Tho' fourscore years, it swiftly slides,
And finishes life's narrow span.

But oft, in life's uncertain day,
What numbers fall in youthful bloom!
Snatch'd by a sudden stroke away,
And sink into the dreary tomb.

How many, in life's early hour,
Just ope their eyes, and see the light;
And soon, by death's resistless power,
Are clos'd in everlasting night.

Since life's uncertain, death so sure,
Why then does man his time employ
In gaining pleasures insecure?
And blast his hopes of future joy.

When well he knows that soon he must,
Resign his riches, and his care,
His body mingle with the dust,
And leave behind all he holds dear.

Since then, from man's the time's conceal'd,
When he must quit this earthly sphere,
May he, from sacred truths reveal'd,
For that momentous change prepare!

Exeter. P. GOVE.

TIME PRESENT *and* TIME TO COME.

AN APOLOGUE.

TWO mountebanks, in former ages,
Time Present, and his brother, Time to Come,
Somewhere—I think in ancient Rome,
Set up their different stages.
Time present cried to all the passers by,
"Stop, if you're wise, the present hour enjoy,
The goods I sell, I give in hand,
Fair dealing, all, no contraband

My

My brother there, if you'll my word believe,
Will promise much, and nothing give;
I hear him call you to his lure,
And ask no money, if no cure;
But if you trust to what he says,
You will repent it all your days."

When Time to Come, all tinsel'd o'er,
No mountebank e'er glitter'd more,
In pompous state stood full in view,
And thus harangu'd the dazzled crew—
" I come not, friends, by way of job,
To cheat your senses, pick your fob;
No, no, you'll find me honest, true, and steady,
As for my brother there, with all his noise
About your welfare, and your real joys,
What sells he aught, but what you have already.
For me, when I my goods unfold,
You'll find them worth their weight in gold;
Would you your rival's hopes defeat
At court be powerful and great,
Or what is better still than all,
Be happy in the marriage state?
Say what you will, I wait your call.
Is wealth your passion? Name the sum—
Have you ne'er tasted perfect bliss?"
" Not I, nor know I where it is."
" Why live in hopes—'tis all to come.
You see Time Present there, look on,
Presto, where is he now? He's gone."

The juggler thus th' unthinking crowd deceiv'd,
Alone was hansel'd, and alone believ'd;
And ever since too true we find
Man to his real interest blind;
Neglectful of the present hour,
Lets slip the good that's in his power,
Whilst only what's to come employs his mind.

T I M E.

SAY, is there ought that can convey
An image of its transient stay?
'Tis an hand's breadth! 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis a courier's straining steed;
'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow, its a dream!
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a landscape, vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a bubble, its a sigh;
Be prepar'd, O man! to die.